

Home Magazine

NEXT WEEK AT THE THEATRES.

Joseph Jefferson and Henry Miller to Play Return Engagements



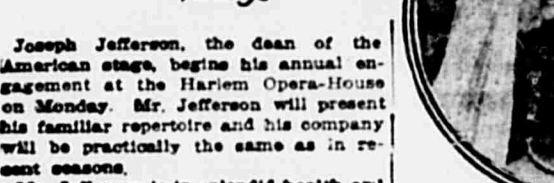
Arthur Forrest
Academy of Music.



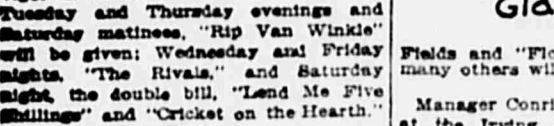
Joseph Jefferson
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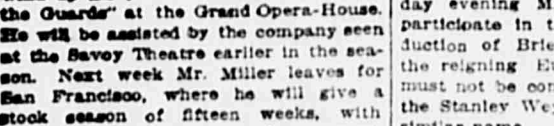
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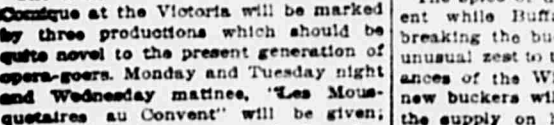
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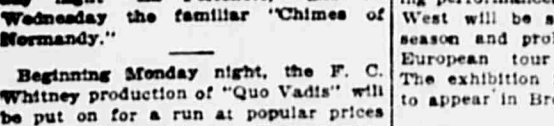
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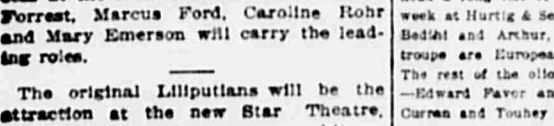
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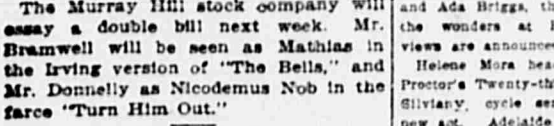
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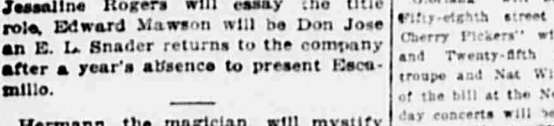
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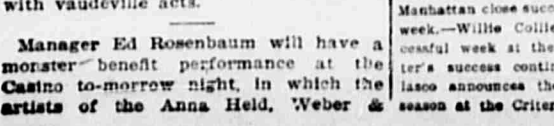
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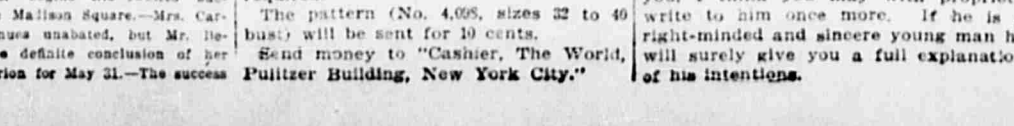
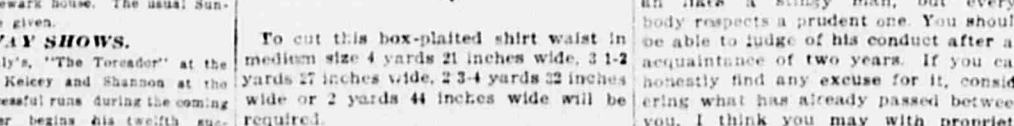
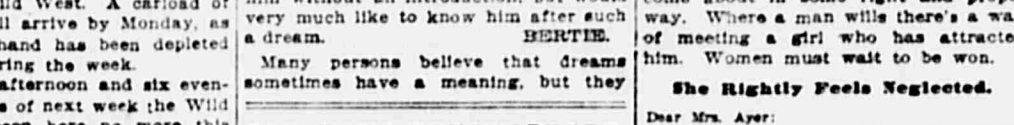
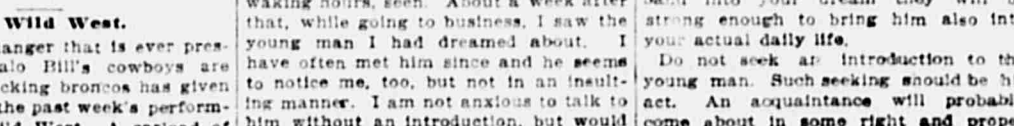
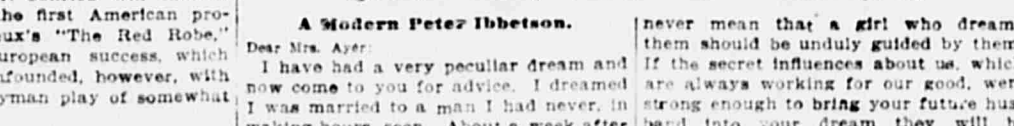
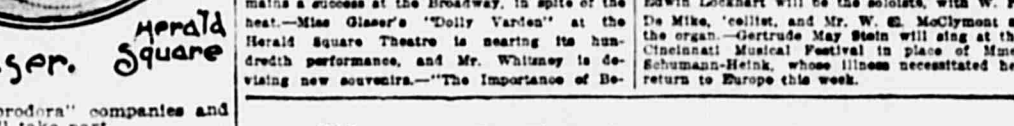
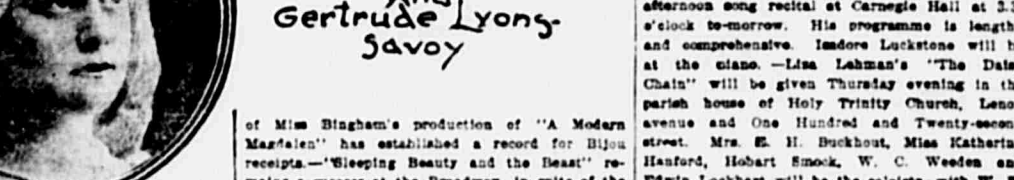
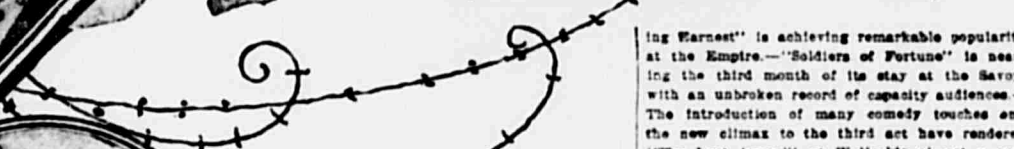
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THE WONDERSMITH.

By FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

CHAPTER I. A Mysterious House.

SMALL lane, the name of which I have forgotten, or do not choose to remember, stands suddenly down toward the East River. Golosh street—as I will call this nameless lane before alluded to—is an interesting locality. All the oddities of trade seem to have found their way thither and made an eccentric mercantile settlement. There is a bird shop at one corner watered with little cages containing thin-walled canaries, blackbirds, bluebirds, with a hundred other varieties known only to naturalists. Mrs. Filomel, the fortune teller, lives at No. 12 Golosh street, second story front, pull the bell on the left-hand side. Next door to madame is the shop of Herr Hippe, commonly called the Wondersmith.

Few people knew that Herr Hippe's business or trade really was. That he worked at something was evident; else why the shop? Some people believed to the belief that he was an inventor or mechanic. His workshop was in the rear of the shop, and into that sanctuary no one but himself had admission.

It was a dull December evening. There was little trade doing in Golosh street, and the shutters were up at most of the shops. Hippe's store had been closed at least an hour, and the bluebirds and blackbirds waxing at Mr. Hippe's had their heads tucked under their wings in their first sleep.

Herr Hippe sat in his parlor, which was lit by a pleasant wood-fire. There were no candles in the room, and the flickering blaze played fantastic tricks on the pale gray walls.

On a table close to where Herr Hippe sat was placed a large square box of some dark wood, while over it was spread a casing of steel, so elaborately wrought in an open arabesque pattern that it seemed like a shining blue lace which was lightly stretched over its surface.

Herr Hippe lay luxuriously in his armchair, looking meditatively into the fire. He was tall and thin, and his skin was of a dull saffron hue. Long, straight hair, sharply cut, regular features, a long, thin mustache, that curled like a dark arc around his mouth, the expression of which was so bitter and cruel that it seemed to distill the venom of the ideal serpent, and a bony, muscular form were the prominent characteristics of the Wondersmith.

The profound silence that reigned in the chamber was broken by a peculiar scratching at the panel of the door, like that which at the French court was formerly substituted for the ordinary knock, when it was necessary to demand admission to the royal apartments. Herr Hippe started, raised his head, which vibrated on his long neck like the head of a cobra when about to strike, and after a moment's silence uttered a strange guttural sound. The door unlocked, and a squat, broad-shouldered woman, with large, wild, oriental eyes, entered softly.

"Ah, Filomel, you are come!" said the Wondersmith, sinking back into his chair. "Where are the rest of them?"

"They will be here presently," answered Mrs. Filomel, seating herself in an arm-chair much too narrow for a person of her proportions.

"Have you brought the souls?" asked the Wondersmith.

"They are here," said the fortune-teller, drawing a large, polished black box from under her cloak.

"Ah! I have had such trouble with them!"

"Are they of the right brand—will they, dark, devilish fellows? We want no essence of milk and honey, you know. None but souls bitter as hemlock or scorching as lightning will suit our purpose."

"You will see, you will see, Grand Duke of Egypt! They are chosen demons, every one of them. They are the pick of a thousand births. Do you think that I, old magician that I am, don't know the quality of

the demon child from that of the angel child the very moment they are born? Ask a musician how he knows, even in the dark, a note struck by Thalberg from one struck by Liszt!"

"I long to test them," cried the Wondersmith, rubbing his hands joyfully. "I long to see how the little devils will behave when I give them their shapes. Ah! it will be a proud day for us when we let them loose upon the cursed Christian children! Through the length and breadth of the land they will go; wherever our gypsy people set foot and wherever they are the children of the Christians shall die. Then we, the despised Egyptians, the gypsies, as they call us, will be once more lords of the earth, as we were in the days when the accursed things called cities did not exist and men lived in the free woods and hunted the game of the forest. Toys indeed! Aye, aye, we will give the little dears toys—toys that all day will sleep calmly in their boxes, seemingly stiff and wooden and without life—but at night, when the souls enter them, will arise and surround the cots of the sleeping children, and pierce their hearts with their keen, enchanted blades! Toys indeed! Oh, yes! I will sell them to you!"

And the Wondersmith laughed horribly, while the dark, gleaming eyes glittered with the fire of a serpent's power and could sting.

"Have you got your first batch, Herr Hippe?" asked Mrs. Filomel. "Are they all ready?"

"Oh, aye, they are ready," answered the Wondersmith with gusto, opening, as he spoke, the box covered with the blue steel framework, "they are here."

The box contained a quantity of exquisitely carved wooden manikins of both sexes, painted with great dexterity so as to present a miniature resemblance to nature. They were in fact nothing more than admirable specimens of those toys which children delight in placing in various positions on the table—in regiments, or seated at meals, or grouped under the stiff green trees which always accompany them in the boxes in which they are sold at the toy shops.

The peculiarity, however, about the manikins of Herr Hippe was not alone the artistic truth with which the limbs and features were gifted, but on the countenance of each little puppet the carver's art had wrought an expression of wickedness that was appalling. Every tiny face had its special stamp of ferocity.

The lips were thin and brutal of malice; the small black, bead-like eyes glittered with the fire of a universal hate. There was not one of the manikins, male or female, that did not hold in his or her hand some miniature weapon. The little men, scowling like demons, clasped in their wooden fingers swords delicate as a housewife's needle. The women, whose countenances expressed treachery and cruelty, clutched infinitesimal daggers, with which they seemed about to take some terrible vengeance.

"Good!" said Mrs. Filomel, taking one of the manikins out of the box and examining it attentively. "You work well, Duke Halthaus!" These little ones are of the right stamp, they look as if they had mischief in them. Ah! here come our brothers."

At this moment the same scratching that preceded the entrance of Mrs. Filomel was heard at the door and Herr Hippe replied with a hoarse, guttural cry.

The next moment two men entered.

"Welcome, brothers!" said the Wondersmith; "you are in time. Sister Filomel has brought the souls and we are about to test them. Monsieur Kerplonne, take off your cloak. Brother Oaksmith, take a chair. I promise you some amusement this evening, so make yourselves comfortable. Here is something to aid you."

And while the Frenchman Kerplonne and his tall companion, Oaksmith, were obeying Hippe's invitation he reached over to a little closet let into the wall and took thence a squat bottle and some glasses, which he placed on the table.

After the silence had lasted about a minute Herr Hippe broke it with the sudden question, "How does your eye get on, Kerplonne?"

This story of love, peril and mystery is well worthy the brain that devised "The Diamond Lens." Its exciting features are softened by a tender and beautiful love interest.

"Excellent, Duke. It is finished. I have it here." And the little Frenchman put his hand into his breeches pocket and pulled out a large artificial human eye. Its great size was the only thing in this eye that would lead any one to suspect its artificiality. It was at least twice the size of life, but there was a fearful speculative light in its iris, which seemed to expand and contract like the eye of a living being, that rendered it a horrible staring paradox. It looked like the naked eye of the Cyclops, torn from his forehead and still burning with wrath and the desire for vengeance.

The little Frenchman laughed pleasantly as he held the eye in his hand, and gazed down on that huge, dark pupil that stared back at him, it seemed, with an air of defiance and mistrust.

"It is a devil of an eye," said the little man, wiping the enamelled surface with an old silk pocket handkerchief. "It reads like a demon. My niece—the unhappy one—has a wretch of a lover, and I have a long time feared that she would run away with him. I could not read her correspondence, for she kept her writing desk closely locked. But I asked her yesterday to keep this eye in some very safe place for me. She put it, as I knew she would, into her desk, and by its aid I read every one of her letters. She was to run away next Monday, the ungrateful! But she will find herself disappointed."

And the little man laughed heartily at the success of his stratagem.

"And you have been at work, too, I see, Herr Hippe. Your manikins are excellent. But where are the souls?"

"In that bottle," answered the Wondersmith, pointing to the pot-bellied black bottle that Mrs. Filomel had brought with her.

"Let us try at once," said Oaksmith. "Is your daughter Zonela in bed, Herr Hippe? Are we secure from intrusion?"

"No one is stirring about the house," replied the Wondersmith, gloomily.

Filomel leaned over to Oaksmith and said in an undertone, "Why do you mention his daughter? You know he does not like to have her spoken about."

"I will take care that we are not disturbed," said Kerplonne, rising. "I will put my eye outside the door, to watch."

He went to the door and placed his great eye upon the floor with tender care. As he did so a dark form, unseen by him or his second vision, glided along the passage noiselessly and was lost in the darkness.

"Now for it!" exclaimed Mrs. Filomel, taking up her fat black bottle. "Herr Hippe, prepare your manikins!"

The Wondersmith took the little dolls out one by one and set them upon the table. Such an array of villainous countenances was never seen. An army of Italian braves, seen through the wrong end of a telescope, or a band of prisoners at the gallies in Lilloot will give some faint idea of the appearance they presented. While Mrs. Filomel unlocked the black bottle Herr Hippe covered the dolls with a species of linen tent, which he also took from the box. This done, the fortune-teller held the mouth of the bottle to the door of the tent, gathering the loose cloth closely round the glass neck. Immediately tiny noises were heard inside the tent.

Removed the bottle and the Wondersmith lifted the covering in which he had enveloped his little people.

A wonderful transformation had taken place. Wooden and inflexible no longer, the crowd of manikins was now in full motion. The head-like eyes turned, glittering, on all sides; the thin, wicked lips quivered with bad passions; the tiny hands averted and unseathed the little swords and daggers.

"I think they do," said the Wondersmith. "Treachery, cruel, bloodthirsty. All ages marvelously well. 'Oh! they are perfect devils! they are magnificent little demons!' cried the Frenchman, with enthusiasm. 'They must have blood, though,' said Herr Hippe. 'Mr. Pippe, the blood fancier, is asleep. I have a key that opens his door. We will let them loose among the birds. It will be rare fun.'

"Magnificent!" cried Kerplonne. "Let us go on the instant. But first let me gather up my eye."

The Frenchman pocketed his eye, after having given it a polish with the silk handkerchief; Herr Hippe extinguished the lamp; Oaksmith took a last bumper of port, and the four gypsies departed for Mr. Pippe's, carrying the box of manikins with them.

(To Be Continued.)

Harriet Hubbard Ayer

Balm for Wounded Hearts.

A Modern Peter Ibbetson.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I have had a very peculiar dream and now come to you for advice. I dreamed I was married to a man I had never in waking hours seen. About a week after that, while going to business, I saw the young man I had dreamed about. I have often met him since and he seems to notice me, too, but not in an insulting manner. I am not anxious to talk to him without an introduction, but would very much like to know him after such a dream.

Many persons believe that dreams sometimes have a meaning, but they never mean that a girl who dreams them should be unduly guided by them. If the secret influences about us, which are always working for our good, were strong enough to bring your future husband into your dream they will be strong enough to bring him also into your actual daily life.

Do not seek an introduction to the young man. Such seeking should be his act. An acquaintance will probably come about in some right and proper way. Where a man will there's a way of meeting a girl who has attracted him. Women must wait to be won.

The Rightly Feels Neglected.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Kindly give your opinion of a young man whom I've known for two years and have kept company with for one year. He said we would get married when he got richer. He seemed to be very fond of me. He never takes me out to theatres or suppers. I wrote him some time ago. He never answered me nor comes to see me. I don't think he loves me as much as he pretends to. I am almost brokenhearted. MABEL.

If the young man is wilfully neglecting you he is not worth breaking your heart over. I think, however, there is probably only some little misunderstanding which can easily be straightened out, if both of you are willing to act kindly and sensibly.

The young man should not delay answering your letter. Neither should he break off his visits abruptly after leading you to suppose he loved you. He was in the right, though, when he decided not to marry till he could support a wife. Do not judge him harshly for failing to give you an occasional evening's enjoyment at theatres or supper parties. Perhaps he was only trying to save his money so that he could the sooner ask you to marry him. No woman likes a stingy man, but every body respects a prudent one. You should be able to judge of his conduct after an acquaintance of two years. If you can honestly find any excuse for it, considering what has already passed between you, I think you may with propriety write to him once more. If he is a right-minded and sincere young man he will surely give you a full explanation of his intentions.

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

To cut this box-plaited shirt waist in medium size 4 yards 21 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, 2 3/4 yards 32 inches wide or 2 yards 44 inches wide will be required.

The pattern (No. 4,095, sizes 32 to 40 bust) will be sent for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

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How to Make Your Own Dresses

BY MME. LOUISE.

COSTUME FOR LITTLE BOY.

Dear Mrs. Louise:

I have ten yards of thirty-eight-inch wide gray albatross which I would like to have made into a suit and would like your advice about it. I would like to have it made so that I could wear it both for street and in the evening, but do not want to spend too much for trimming. I am 5 feet 5 inches tall, thirty-four bust, and a brunette. Miss H. B. A.

Have the skirt of your gown made with the front gore full length, having three-half-inch tucks each side. Use a three-pleated skirt pattern and tuck the fullness at the top. Have a pretty flounce, embroidered tucks, which joins the skirt with a black openwork feather-stitch braid used in a block pattern instead of straight. Finish the foot of the flounce with three deep tucks. Make your bodice with a small oval yoke, having the waist tucked in clusters of three half-inch tucks. Between the cluster use the feather-stitch braid. Arrange your tucks so they turn toward the back, and so that one cluster will extend over the top of the sleeve to give you a broad appearance. The yoke and lower sleeve could be of white chiffon shirred in tiny tucks, with rows of black chiffon between the clusters of tucks. Make the upper sleeve tucked to match the waist, having a puff over the elbow and a turned back cuff of black handkerchief velvet just below the elbow, with a single to match.

Amusements.

GRAND Anna Held

DALY'S SAN TOY

KEITH'S

THE NEW YORK

EDEN WORLD IN WAX

HERALD SO THEATRE

LULU GLASER

Amusements.

BUFFALO BILL'S

WILD WEST

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Only a Few Days More.

NEVER SO GOOD AS NOW.

Matinees not so crowded. Lower prices.

Children half price all matinees.

PROCTOR'S SUNDAY CONCERTS

230 ST. 5TH AVE. 58TH ST. 125TH ST.

EMPIRE THEATRE.

GARRICK THEATRE.

NEW SAVOY THEATRE.

ROBERT EDSON

Knickerbocker Theatre.

MADISON SQ. THEATRE.

WILLIAM COLLIER, DIPLOMAT.

CHARLES FROHMAN'S CRITERION

DAVID BELASCO

Presenting LESLIE CARTER

In his new play, LOU BARREY.

AMERICAN

VICTORIA

14th St. Theatre

ATLANTIC

METROPOLIS

LION PALACE

STAR

WALLACK'S

HARLEM

Op-House

Next Week-JOSEPH JEFFERSON in "The Diamond Lens."

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Amusements.

HU ER'S 14TH ST. MUSEUM

OPEN 10.30 TO 11 P.M.

CAMILLIO & FONDA, EUROPEAN

EQUILIBRISTS: TALL AND SHORT

CHORUS: "The Rose Tree"

WALKER, ADA BRIDGE, PAT WOMAN

TRAPPE TRAINED COCKATOO